

Plymouth



Advertiser.

A Weekly Family Newspaper--Devoted to Literature, Local and General News, Agriculture, and the Markets.

BY ROBINSON & LOCKE.

PLYMOUTH, O., SATURDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 1, 1855.

VOLUME II. NO. 47.

Plymouth Lodge No. 92, meets every Tuesday evening at 7 o'clock.
G. T. MYERS, N. G.

MASONIC LODGE
The Regular Communication of Richmond Lodge, before the full moon.
H. F. DAY, W. M.
J. SUTTERLIN, S. W.

VIRGINIA IRON WORKS.
GILL, KELLY & CO.,
MANUFACTURERS OF
Nails & Spikes
Wholesale and Retail.
P. J. DENKER & SON,
Importers, Manufacturers & Wholesale Dealers in
Furnishing Goods, Tailors' Trimmings,
Clothing and Clothing.
No. 70 Superior St., Cleveland, O.
P. J. D. & Son pledge themselves to offer as
good inducements to country merchants as can
be done in New York or any of the Eastern cities.
sept10/55

A. G. ROBINSON & CO.,
WRAPPING & ROOFING PAPER, BONNET
BOARDS, etc., etc.
AND COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
Wholesale and Retail.
YORK, LITTLE, & CO.,
Late of the firm of Robinson, Little & Co.,
P. Little & Co., Wholesale Grocers,
PRODUCE, COMMISSION & FORWARD-
ING MERCHANTS, and Dealers in Pitts-
burgh, Manufacturers, No. 112 SECOND
STREET, PITTSBURGH, PA.
The highest and lowest prices for Bacon, Lard,
Flour and Seeds, and all other goods, and
on consignments.
sept10/55

W. WARREN & CO.,
DRY GOODS AT WHOLESALE.
No. 45, SUPERIOR STREET, WHEELING,
W. VA.
We have received our Fall Stock and are
now prepared to sell goods at the lowest
New York prices. We invite dealers to call and
examine our stock and prices before purchasing
elsewhere.
sept10/55

JOHN CARTWRIGHT & CO.,
SADDLERY AND HORSE TRAPERY.
SADDLERS, GUN, PISTOLS, COLT'S AND
OTHER REVOLVERS.
Lightning Rods, Points, &c., &c.
No. 80 WOOD STREET, PITTSBURGH, PA.
Particular attention paid to the manu-
facturing of Trusses, Supporters, &c. sept10/55

STOVES! STOVES!
POWERS & KINNEY,
HAVE received their fall and winter stock of
Cooking and Parlor Stoves, and
WOOD COAL.
of every variety and size, which they offer for
sale at
The lowest kind of prices.
Also, a large assortment of TIN WARE, which
will be sold cheap. Call and see.
ETNA IRON AND STEEL WAREHOUSE,
SPANG & CO.,
MANUFACTURERS of all sizes and descriptions
of Cast Iron, and all kinds of
Cut Spoke, Blister, Plough and Spring Steel,
&c., &c. Boiler Iron, Rivets, Fire-bed, Sheet
and Bar Iron, of any size and thickness, made
to order and put to pattern if required. Also
WINDOW GLASS and PITT-BURGH MANU-
FACTURERS generally.
Cleveland Warehouse, corner of Light-
house and River street, near the C. & P. R. R.
Depot. Pittsburgh Warehouse, No. 68 and 69
Water street. sept10/55

J. M. FRISBIE, Daguerrean Artist,
Reber's Block, nearly opposite Veranda Hotel,
entrances between Porter and Ryland's stores,
Water-st. SANDUSKY, O.
PICTURES taken either singly or in groups
in the best style of the art, in every clear
or cloudy weather, put up in every variety of
cases. His rooms are fitted up with both day
and night lights. Strangers visiting Sandusky
are invited to call and examine specimens.
June 10-24-ly

H. & W. ROGERS
DEALERS IN
PROVISIONS, GROCERIES, FISH,
CANDLES, &c., &c.
103 FELLOWS BLOCK, PLYMOUTH,
O. Pure Blended for Medicinal Purposes.
E. McFALL & CO.,
WHOLESALE DEALERS IN
GROCERIES,
IMPORTERS, FRUIT,
MANFIELD, OHIO.
E. McF. & Co. can supply retailers on
better terms than either Cleveland or Sandusky.
Their stock is large and complete, to which they
invite the attention of dealers. July 1st, 1855
P. M. month, sept. 26, 2854.

PLYMOUTH MARBLE WORKS.
B. VINSON.
Is prepared to furnish at all times, his manu-
factured MONUMENTS, TOMB STONES,
MANTLES, &c., of the best style and finish,
of either Italian or American Marble, at prices un-
equalled in this country. He has now
on hand, and is constantly in receipt of the
most splendid specimens of Marble, of all sizes
and kinds suitable for Table-tops, Mantle-
Pieces, &c.
Plymouth, Oct. 15, 1853.

Elliot & Co.,
DEALERS IN
Agricultural and Horticultural
SEEDS & IMPLEMENTS,
Fruit and Ornamental Trees,
South side Court House Square, Cleve-
land, Ohio.
Our collection has been made up
with great care, and by personal attend-
ance and examination of the articles. All
Orders promptly executed.
Our stock of Trees, especially Dwarf
Pears, is very fine. sept10/55

R. WATSON,
139 COR. LIBERTY & WYATT STS., PITTSBURGH.
DEALER in Bacon Lard, &c. Groceries of ev-
ery description, Old Rye Whiskey, Cognac
Brandy, Holland Gin, Jamaica Spirits, Wines
and Cordials, Cherry Brandy, Ginger Brandy,
Blended.
The attention of dealers in the above
articles is respectfully solicited, as we confident-
ly say that we can furnish them in quality
and price, equal to any establishment East or
West. Orders promptly attended to. sept10/55

Select Poetry.

I'M GROWING OLD.

My days pass gently away,
My nights are blessed with sweetest sleep
I feel no symptoms of decay,
I have no cause to mourn or weep,
My fuses are impotent and slow,
My friends are neither false nor cold,
And yet, of late, I often sigh,
I'm growing old!

My growing I like of olden times,
My growing thirst for early news,
My growing aptitude to rhyme,
My growing love of easy shoes,
My growing hate of crowds and noise,
My growing fear of taking cold,
All tell me, in the plainest voice,
I'm growing old!

I'm growing fonder of my staff,
I'm growing dumber in the eyes,
I'm growing fainter in my laugh,
I'm growing deeper in my sighs,
I'm growing careless in my dress,
I'm growing frugal of my gold,
I'm growing wiser, I'm growing--yes--
I'm growing old!

I see it in my changing hair,
I see it in my growing waist,
I see it in my growing hair,
I see it in my growing waist,
As plain as truth was ever told,
That even in my vanished youth,
I'm growing old!

Ah, me! my very laurels breathe
The tale of my reluctant age;
And every boon the hours bestoweth,
But makes me debtor to the years;
E'en Flattery's honeyed words declare
The secret she would fain withhold,
And tells me, in "How young you are,"
I'm growing old!

Thanks for the years, whose rapid flight
My sonnet muse too sadly sings;
Thanks for the gleam of golden light
That tint the darkness of their wing;
That light the beams from out the sky,
Those heavenly musings to unfold,
Where all are best and none may sigh,
I'm growing old!

Selected Miscellany.

From Harper's Magazine.

EMILY DUNCAN.

A FATHETIC STORY.

Let us give you a story for a spring num-
ber. Use it in May, the month of spring,
for it is a story that has no joy in it save
the hope of the resurrection. It occurs to
me on this still evening, and I have pushed
aside all my other papers, and taken a
fresh sheet whereon to write it. Just now,
while I sat with my pen in hand, slowly
working out the problem of a curious
trust-deed--a conveyance of property by
a husband and wife to a friend, to hold in
trust for the said "Emily," and just as I
wrote her name for the tenth or twentieth
time, and writing it again--I paused in
the middle and looked up.

Do you know why I paused? It was
because I heard the word--the name--an-
ticipated, and so I looked around me
to know who spoke. It was not my wife,
who sat quietly at the other side of my
table, with her large grey eyes bent down
on the page of a new book which for the
time engrossed all her attention; and there
was no one in the room to speak to it.
It was some one out of the room, and I looked
out. The lower shutters were closed. The
curtains hung over the upper half of the
window, but through their parted folds I
saw the young moon, calm and placid, in
a deep and unclouded sky; and with
dreamy and perfect distinctness I saw--

Listen, while I tell you what I saw.
It was a mountain scene, or a view
among the hills. A valley sleeping, and
houses sleeping on the plain, and trees
sleeping, and everything still, voiceless,
motionless in the moonlight, and white
snow deep over all. And on the plain a
little church, whose spire gleamed in the
moonshine, and raised itself in silvery
splendor toward heaven. But oh, my
friend, you sit in your large easy chair so
cozily, so warmly to-night, there was
something more than valley trees, and
church, and spire that I saw so dreamily
just now.

Beside the church, still on the plain, the
snow lay two feet deep over all the ground,
white and resplendent. And there were
places where the snow lay higher up than
in others--little hillocks of snow--round-
ed up, as if it had fallen more lightly on
such places than elsewhere. And on one
of those places the snow had fallen very
peacefully, for it fell on a brow that was
once as pure as winter snow lakes--on a
bushy head that once knew no load so
heavy as to be measured by its highest
fall. And the snow lay with a terrible
stillness, a solemn calmness of repose,
with the majestic silence of the folded
mantle on marble, over the grave of the
dear girl that was in years long gone, the
idol of our village.

It was her name I heard in the air--
We spoke it, it matters not. It was one
of the angels of memory forever near us--
thanks be unto Him who made us! for--
ever near us--taking the presence of fam-
iliar objects to whisper old stories in our
nearer-lying ears. And so, to-night,
my dear friend, I am writing you this
story of the village in the up country, to
remind you as well as myself of all her ra-
diant beauty. Was she not beautiful?

I remember one evening, when, with
her old father, I saw her coming down the
road, just at that spot where the setting
sun of June shone through the trees, and
poured its splendor on the dusty road. A
carriage had passed, and the air was filled
with yellow dust, and in it she stood as in
a flood of glory. Say you it was but
dust that made the glory? "Alas for
our humanity, it was but so! and she was
not dust, even as we. Yet she was angelic
mould, who said God broke it when he
made Eve? It was not so; or angels

Execution of Andre.

The following is from the Editor's
drawer in Harper's Magazine for Aug-
ust:
"On Independence Day" we took steam-
er for the county of Rockland, determined
to pass the Fourth in peace and quietness,
and desirous of refreshing our patriotism
amidst scenes hallowed by the sacred mem-
ories of the Revolution. We visited
Washington's Head quarters at the little
village of Tappan; the "Seventy-six House,"
where Andre was confined, the place where
he was executed, the grave where he was
buried, and whence he was exhumed. We
conversed with a very old man, who
gave him four beautiful dollars on the
morning in which he went to the gallows.
"He thanked me with a sweet smile," he
said, "but somehow or another, I didn't
seem to have no appetite. He only gave
me one of 'em."

Standing by his grave, we could see
across the broad Hudson, the very place
where he was arrested by Van Wert, Wil-
liams and Paulding, and the gleaming of
the white monument erected to his mem-
ory; the place where Washington stood
when Andre went forth to die, and the
stone house whence he was taken to die
upon a gallows.

The following account of Andre's ex-
ecution is one of the most minute and in-
teresting that we have ever read. It was
furnished to Mr. William G. Haesler, of
Rockland county, the history of which he
has engaged in writing. It was taken
down from the lips of a soldier in Colonel
Jehathan Baldwin's regiment, a part of
which was stationed a short distance from
where poor Andre suffered.

"One of our men, whose name was
Armstrong, being one of the oldest and
best workmen at his trade in the regiment,
was selected to make his coffin, which he
did and painted it black, as was the cus-
tom at that period.

"At this time Andre was confined in
what was called the Old Dutch Church--
a small stone building with only one door,
and closely guarded by six sentinels.

"When the hour appointed for his ex-
ecution arrived, which was at 2 o'clock
in the afternoon, a guard of three hundred
men were paraded at the place of his con-
finement. A kind of procession was form-
ing by placing the guard in single file on
each side of the road. In front were a large
number of American officers of high rank
on horseback. These were followed by
the wagon containing Andre's coffin, then
a large number of officers on foot, with An-
dre in their midst.

"The procession wound slowly up a
moderately rising ground about a quarter
of a mile to the west. On the top was a
field without any inclosure; and on this
field a very high gallows, made by setting
up two poles with a cross-beam on the top.
The wagon that contained the coffin
was drawn directly under the gallows. In
a short time Andre stepped into the hind
end of the wagon, then on his coffin, then
off his hands and laid it down, then placed
his hands upon his hips, and walked very
uprightly back and forth as far as the
length of the wagon would permit, at the
same time casting his eyes up to the pole
over his head and the whole scenery by
which he was surrounded.

"He was dressed in a complete British
uniform. His coat was of the brightest
scarlet, faced and trimmed with the
brightest green. His under clothes, vest
and breeches, were bright buff; he had a
long and beautiful head of hair, which
agreeably to the fashion was wound with
a black ribbon and hung down his back.
Not many minutes after he took his
stand upon the coffin, the executioner
stepped into the wagon with a halber in
his hand, on one end of which was what
the soldiers in those days called a "hang-
man's knot," which he attempted to put
over the head around the neck of Andre;
but by a sudden movement of his hand,
this was prevented.

Andre now took off the handkerchief
from his neck, unpinned his shirt collar,
and deliberately took the cord of the hal-
ber, cut it over his head, and placed the
knot directly under his right ear, and
drew it very snugly to his neck. He then
took from his coat pocket a handkerchief,
and tied it before his eyes. This done the
officer who commanded spoke in a loud
voice and said:

"His arms must be tied!"
Andre at once pulled down the hand-
kerchief which he had just tied over his
eyes, and drew from his pocket a second
one which he gave to the executioner, and
then replaced his handkerchief.

His arms at this time were tied just
above the elbow, and behind the back.
The rope was then made fast to the pole
overhead. The wagon was very suddenly
drawn from under the gallows, which, to-
gether with the length of the rope, gave
him a most tremendous swing back and
forth; but in a few moments he hung en-
tirely still.

During the whole transaction he seemed
as little daunted as Lord Rogers when he
was about to be burnt at the stake, al-
though his countenance was rather pale.

He remained hanging from twenty to
thirty minutes, and during that time the
chambers of death were never stiller than
the multitude by whom he was surround-
ed. Orders were given to cut the rope and
take him down without letting him fall.
This was done, and his body carefully
laid on the ground.

Shortly after the guard was withdrawn,
and spectators were permitted to come
forward and view the corpse; but the
crowd was so great that it was some time
before I could get to the spot. When I
was able to do this, his coat, vest and
breeches had been taken off, and his body
laid in the coffin, covered by some under-
clothes. The top of the coffin was not
put on.

I viewed the corpse most carefully than
I had ever done that of any human being
out.

A Terrible Tragedy.

We find the following account of a ter-
rible tragedy, which recently took place
at Lyons, in the letter of the French cor-
respondent of the London Literary World.
A frightful case of hydrophobia is de-
scribed in the Lyons journals, which, if
the facts are correctly stated, would go to
prove that this fatal malady can remain in
the system as long as four years without
developing--a much longer period, I be-
lieve, than has ever been authentically
shown to have taken place between the in-
jury and its consequences; but there is
some doubt as to the real nature of the dis-
ease, though unfortunately none as to the
terrible catastrophe which took place.

A young farmer named Peyron, about
twenty-five years of age, in the department
of the Rhone, was married a few weeks ago
to a neighbor's daughter. The young
couple had been long attached to each other;
but the parents of the bride had refus-
ed their consent on account of strangeness
of conduct occasionally observed in the
young man, who otherwise was a most
eligible match, his parents being compar-
atively well off, and the son himself gen-
erally of exemplary good conduct. His
passion for the girl became at length so
violent that he declared he could not ex-
ist without her, and mediated suicide, went
to the parents of the young woman, and
after some entreaty, prevailed upon them
to agree to the match.

Young Peyron at once recovered his
spirits, the young woman was delighted,
and the marriage was celebrated with all
the rustic pomp and ceremony common in
that part of the province, the inevitable
chickens, and the father and mother, alar-
med, hastened to the room, followed by the
family servants. The cries were by the time
they arrived changed to scarcely audible
groans from the poor girl; and, on break-
ing open the door, she was found in the
agonies of death--her bosom torn open
and lacerated in the most horrible man-
ner, and the wretched husband in a fit of
raving madness and covered with blood,
having actually devoured a portion of the
unfortunate girl's breast.

A cry of horror burst forth from all
present, and he was dragged from the room
after a most violent resistance, it taking no
less than six men to hold him down. Aid
was instantly sent for; but before the doc-
tor could reach the spot the unhappy vic-
tim was no more. Young Peyron was
put under treatment, and a straight waist-
coat was attempted to be put upon him;
but his struggles and screams were such
that the doctor, apprehensive lest he should
expire in the assistants' hands, ordered
them to desist. The unfortunate man had
by this time become so weak that he was
easily conveyed to bed, and died at four
o'clock in the afternoon of the same day
without having for one moment recovered
his consciousness. It was then recollected,
in answer to searching questions by a
physician, that somewhere about five years
previously he had been bitten by a strange
dog, and taken the usual precautions against
hydrophobia. But although the dog was
killed, it had never been satisfactorily
shown that it was really mad; and no ill
consequences resulting from the bite, his
friends concluded that it would come to
nothing, and the incident had been alto-
gether forgotten.

It was considered by the doctor that the
circumstances preceding the marriage and
the excitement of the occasion itself had
roused the latent virus, which had long
lain dormant in the blood, and led to the
terrible outbreak of frenzy which had en-
ded so tragically. On the medical record
being laid before the authorities, the extra-
ordinary nature of the case naturally ex-
cited much attention and considerable
controversy--the opinions of the heads of
the profession being, after full inquiry,
that there was no hydrophobia whatever in
the case, but rooted insanity, and that it
was shown to exist by the occasional aber-
rations of the unfortunate young man, as
before mentioned; and that his diseased
temperament and two violent passions,
powerful acted on by circumstances, led
to the fatal consequences narrated above.
This sad catastrophe has given rise to a
professional controversy in some of the
medical journals on the nature of hy-
drophobia, from which it would appear
that, although instances of remarkable
cures of this malady are often described in
the journals, no authenticated account of
its favorable termination is yet known in
France.

A SIDE JUDGE.--R-- was elected
"Side Judge" in one of the county courts
of Vermont. He was not very well versed
in "legal lore," so he called on a friend of
his, who had served as Side Judge, to
make some inquiries concerning the duties
of the office. To his interrogatories the
reply was:

"Sir, I have held this important and
honorable office several years, but have
never been consulted with regard to but
one question. On the last day of the
spring term, 1854, the Judge after listen-
ing to three or four windy pleas of an
hour's length each, turned to me, and
whispered 'H--', isn't that bench made
of hard wood?' and I told him I rather
thought it was.

Some crusty, rusty, fusty, lusty, musty
dusty, gusty, curmudgeon of a man, gave
the following toast at a celebration:
"Our fire-engines--may they be like our
old maids--ever ready, never wanted."

A pretty girl six feet high, gives one a
good idea of "linked sweetness long drawn
out."

The Crimea--Hints from a Private Soldier.

A private soldier in the Allied army,
has written to his brother in New York, a
long letter, a few paragraphs from which
we copy below. They possess a consid-
erable interest:

THE COUNTRY.
You ask how I like the
Crimea? Now, that is the most puzzling
question I ever was asked. Do you mean
its scenery, or the condition of the soil,
and such like matters? If so, I can as-
sure you that for beautiful scenes, both
landscape and marine views, immense
steppes, and for productive soil, the Cri-
mea stands unrivalled; and at the time
when we first landed it was everywhere
covered with vines, the branches of which
were bowed to the ground with grapes, as
if stooping in humble attitude of praise
and thanks to God for his kindness in
sending them such rich, lovely, luscious
offspring--and here there was at that time,
too, fruit trees of every description, from
peaches to cherries, from almonds to pine
apples; there also was the rich farm house,
with its tidy kitchen-garden and the fairy
grounds planted with the most beautiful
of flowers, and having an abundance of
beehives, and everything bearing a stamp
of order, taste and cleanliness that would
do credit to the Mansion House of any of
England's nobles. In fact, when I first
saw it, I thought it a realization of my
boyhood dreams of Eden! But soon, alas!
all its beauties were disfigured, and its
houses razed to the ground; its vines
were torn up, and the noble fruit trees fel-
low for firewood. Then came winter with
its hosts of sad realities, that drove away
all idea of its former beauties, and man's
thousands curse the day that they were
landed on its shores.

THE BATTLE.
You ask how I felt when going into bat-
tle? and I will answer you truly, and con-
fess that when the first volley of the en-
emy's round shot came in among us, I gave
a start, and for an instant I felt a curious,
but not unpleasant sensation about the
heart--a thought of home crossed my
mind, and I think the sound of a third
volley had died away. I was more angry
than afraid, for the Russians were playing
into us, and we were quite unable to re-
turn the compliment; and I honestly con-
fess that I was glad when we were order-
ed to retire "out of range," which I tho't
was cowardly, but at the same time was
wise. But when we came to close work,
it was then I felt what I dare say is the
chief attraction in battle, for--though the
Russian cavalry was four times our num-
ber--each one of us felt that in hand-to-
hand work, we were equal to any five
Moscovites--and when the word "Charge"
was given, it thrilled my every nerve like
an electric shock. On we went with a
cheer and the word "England forever,"
which to hear was to live a life time in an
instant; and when once engaged, we soon
taught the boasted cavalry of Russia that
we made of different materials from what
they imagined. And most amusing was
it to see how soon they became convinced
of our superior courage, and how quickly
they turned their backs in ignominious
flight.

SEBASTOPOL.
I am glad to say, that in my opinion,
Sebastopol will fall ere long, and I am cer-
tain no one here ever doubted our ability
to take it. And now that Lord Raglan is
dead, things will be made known that will
show how little the Generals of the Allied
armies wanted to take it--for they only
sued it as a cloak to cover their real in-
tentions, which have been to draw as many
Russian troops into the Crimea as possi-
ble, so that we might cripple them on this
ground, without retreating into the inter-
ior of Russia, which would have to be
done if we had Sebastopol now; and it
would be sheer madness to follow a Rus-
sian army after having such a precedent as
Napoleon's campaign of 1812, when he
lost the finest army the world ever saw,
through the effects of climate.

THE PROSPECT.
You again ask, "if I think we will con-
quer the Russians?" My answer is--yes
we will, and we could have done so long
ago if the Russians had ever tried the ex-
periment like that of the 5th of Novem-
ber at Inkerman. They would have been
crushed at once; and though they never
attempt a regular battle, they think they
think they will beat us by a simple occu-
pation. But their Generals never made a
greater mistake--for the Russian resources
are now entirely in the Crimea, and the
great losses they have sustained in the
transport of troops and provisions from
the interior to the Crimea must have great-
ly reduced their internal supplies. And
their ports being blockaded must create a
stagnation to their trade; and want of
supplies from foreign ports must, in the
end, force them to accept of any terms the
Western Powers may design to offer them.

THE RUSSIAN.
You ask me what kind of soldiers the
Russians are, and as far as I can I will
tell you; but I can only speak from what I
have seen, and not knowing anything of
the "analogy," I cannot give you the
"cause;" but I can easily give you the "ef-
fect." The Russian soldier is like a lump
of machinery, that works without know-
ing what it is doing, consequently they
stand fire, "charge" and work while un-
der the influence of the Russian "engine,"
--raki--or blue ruin, but like all other
drunken braggadoos, they quail before
the courage of sterling sobriety, honesty
and valor, and of course they are beaten.

PRINTING AND PUBLISHING.--A lady
compositor explained to an interesting
young man, the other day, the difference be-
tween printing and publishing, and at the
conclusion of her remarks, by way of il-
lustration, she said: "You may print a
kiss on my cheek, but you must not pub-
lish it."

A Terrible Tragedy.

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twenty-five years of age, in the department
of the Rhone, was married a few weeks ago
to a neighbor's daughter. The young
couple had been long attached to each other;
but the parents of the bride had refus-
ed their consent on account of strangeness
of conduct occasionally observed in the
young man, who otherwise was a most
eligible match, his parents being compar-
atively well off, and the son himself gen-
erally of exemplary good conduct. His
passion for the girl became at length so
violent that he declared he could not ex-
ist without her, and mediated suicide, went
to the parents of the young woman, and
after some entreaty, prevailed upon them
to agree to the match.

Young Peyron at once recovered his
spirits, the young woman was delighted,
and the marriage was celebrated with all
the rustic pomp and ceremony common in
that part of the province, the inevitable
chickens, and the father and mother, alar-
med, hastened to the room, followed by the
family servants. The cries were by the time
they arrived changed to scarcely audible
groans from the poor girl; and, on break-
ing open the door, she was found in the
agonies of death--her bosom torn open
and lacerated in the most horrible man-
ner, and the wretched husband in a fit of
raving madness and covered with blood,
having actually devoured a portion of the
unfortunate girl's breast.

A cry of horror burst forth from all
present, and he was dragged from the room
after a most violent resistance, it taking no
less than six men to hold him down. Aid
was instantly sent for; but before the doc-
tor could reach the spot the unhappy vic-
tim was no more. Young Peyron was
put under treatment, and a straight waist-
coat was attempted to be put upon him;
but his struggles and screams were such
that the doctor, apprehensive lest he should
expire in the assistants' hands, ordered
them to desist. The unfortunate man had
by this time become so weak that he was
easily conveyed to bed, and died at four
o'clock in the afternoon of the same day
without having for one moment recovered
his consciousness. It was then recollected,
in answer to searching questions by a
physician, that somewhere about five years
previously he had been bitten by a strange
dog, and taken the usual precautions against
hydrophobia. But although the dog was
killed, it had never been satisfactorily
shown that it was really mad; and no ill
consequences resulting from the bite, his
friends concluded that it would come to
nothing, and the incident had been alto-
gether forgotten.

It was considered by the doctor that the
circumstances preceding the marriage and
the excitement of the occasion itself had
roused the latent virus, which had long
lain dormant in the blood, and led to the
terrible outbreak of frenzy which had en-
ded so tragically. On the medical record
being laid before the authorities, the extra-
ordinary nature of the case naturally ex-
cited much attention and considerable
controversy--the opinions of the heads of
the profession being, after full inquiry,
that there was no hydrophobia whatever in
the case, but rooted insanity, and that it
was shown to exist by the occasional aber-
rations of the unfortunate young man, as
before mentioned; and that his diseased
temperament and two violent passions,
powerful acted on by circumstances, led
to the fatal consequences narrated above.
This sad catastrophe has given rise to a
professional controversy in some of the
medical journals on the nature of hy-
drophobia, from which it would appear
that, although instances of remarkable
cures of this malady are often described in
the journals, no authenticated account of
its favorable termination is yet known in
France.

A SIDE JUDGE.--R-- was elected
"Side Judge" in one of the county courts
of Vermont. He was not very well versed
in "legal lore," so he called on a friend of
his, who had served as Side Judge, to
make some inquiries concerning the duties
of the office. To his interrogatories the
reply was:

"Sir, I have held this important and
honorable office several years, but have
never been consulted with regard to but
one question. On the last day of the
spring term, 1854, the Judge after listen-
ing to three or four windy pleas of an
hour's length each, turned to me, and
whispered 'H--', isn't that bench made
of hard wood?' and I told him I rather
thought it was.

Some crusty, rusty, fusty, lusty, musty
dusty, gusty, curmudgeon of a man, gave
the following toast at a celebration:
"Our fire-engines--may they be like our
old maids--ever ready, never wanted."

A pretty girl six feet high, gives one a
good idea of "linked sweetness long drawn
out."

The Crimea--Hints from a Private Soldier.

A private soldier in the Allied army,
has written to his brother in New York, a
long letter, a few paragraphs from which
we copy below. They possess a consid-
erable interest:

THE COUNTRY.
You ask how I like the
Crimea? Now, that is the most puzzling
question I ever was asked. Do you mean
its scenery, or the condition of the soil,
and such like matters? If so, I can as-
sure you that for beautiful scenes, both
landscape and marine views, immense
steppes, and for productive soil, the Cri-
mea stands unrivalled; and at the time
when we first landed it was everywhere
covered with vines, the branches of which
were bowed to the ground with grapes, as
if stooping in humble attitude of praise
and thanks to God for his kindness in
sending them such rich, lovely, luscious
offspring--and here there was at that time,
too, fruit trees of every description, from
peaches to cherries, from almonds to pine
apples; there also was the rich farm house,
with its tidy kitchen-garden and the fairy
grounds planted with the most beautiful
of flowers, and having an abundance